

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MARY REED, Pa.D. PORMERLY OF TRACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AUTHORS AND ARTIST The wife of a newspaperman, Marion Conger was in Europe with him during the early part of World War II. She has written three other Little Golden Books, CIRCUS TIME, A DAY AT THE ZOO, and HOLD-DAYS. Natalic Young has done a great deal of writing for children and has worked with them extensively. Corinne Malvern has exhibited her work and done commercial art as well as illustrating THE GOLDEN

CHRISTMAS BOOK and nineteen Little Golden Books. Her latest are DOCTOR DAN. TERRY AT SCHOOL, and How Big.



THIS IS A BRAND-BEW BOOK WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED ESPECIALLY FOR COLDEN BOOKS

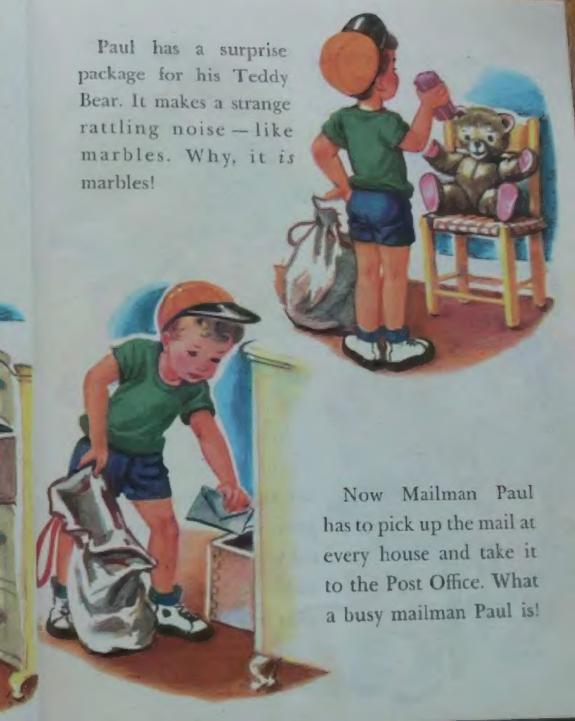
PTRICET CASE BY SEMON AND ACCOUNTER, INC., AND ARTHES AND WRITERS GUILD, INC. DESIGNED AND PRODUCED BY THE ALM THE PECES AND ARTISTS AND WRITING GUILD, INC. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY WESTERN PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMESS. PERSONAL BY KIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., ROCKEPELLER LENTER, NEW YORK SO, NEW YORK PUBLISHED SIMPLYANIDUSLY IN CANADA BY THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO



Mailmen work in all kinds of weather. So Paul plays mailman when it rains, with his bed for the Post Office, and a laundry bag full of mail.

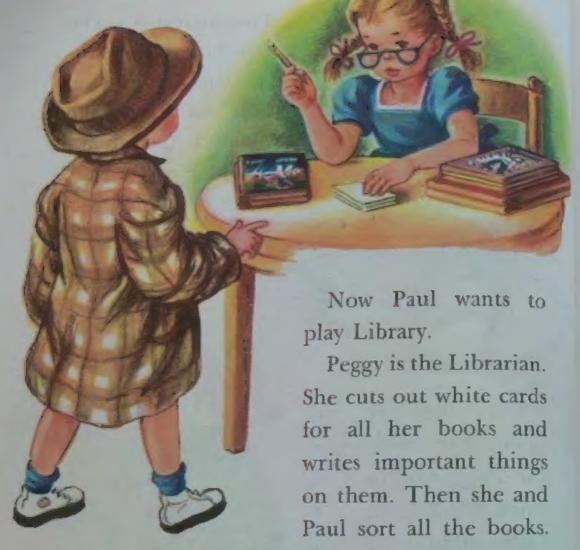
He has a magazine for Mrs. Brown, whose home is Paul's big chair.

Paul's chest of drawers is a tall apartment house. He leaves something in every drawer.





Then away they sail on the rocking chair ship. Over the waves they swoop and sway, while the rain at the window sings of the sea.



Peggy sits at her desk in the Library.

Paul puts on a coat and hat of Daddy's and comes for a book. Daddy wants an exciting story with lots of pictures and not too much to read.

Peggy finds just the right book. Paul-Daddy thanks her and goes away.





Paul comes again. This time he is a doctor. See his black bag? Peggy feels sick, she says. So Doctor Paul takes her pulse. He feels her cheek to see if it is hot. He listens to her heart. And he gives her a pink candy pill to eat. Peggy feels fine again.



Paul likes to build, too—factories and forts, cities and farms. But this rainy day he is tired of his blocks. So his Mother gives them a box of dominoes.

Paul and Jackie build a little brick ranch house out of the dominoes, with a sturdy cardboard roof. They make a corral fenced with drinking straws. And they put small pipe-cleaner toy horses inside.





Peggy and Mary Jo are having fun out in the kitchen now. Mother lends them a frying pan and a pancake turner and lots of pot holders.

Mary Jo puts the frying pan on the toy stove and drops some pot holders into it. Flip, flop, up and over they go. The first batch of pancakes is ready.

Peggy sets her table and brings all the dolls to sit around it. She serves them pancakes by the stack.

Those greedy dolls soon eat them all up!



Now Peggy and Mary Jo borrow the kitchen silver to make designs. They make wheels and flowers and twinkling stars.

Then they fill the dishpan with sudsy water. Mother helps them wash and rinse all the silver. They polish each piece until it sparkles. And they put each one in its own special place.

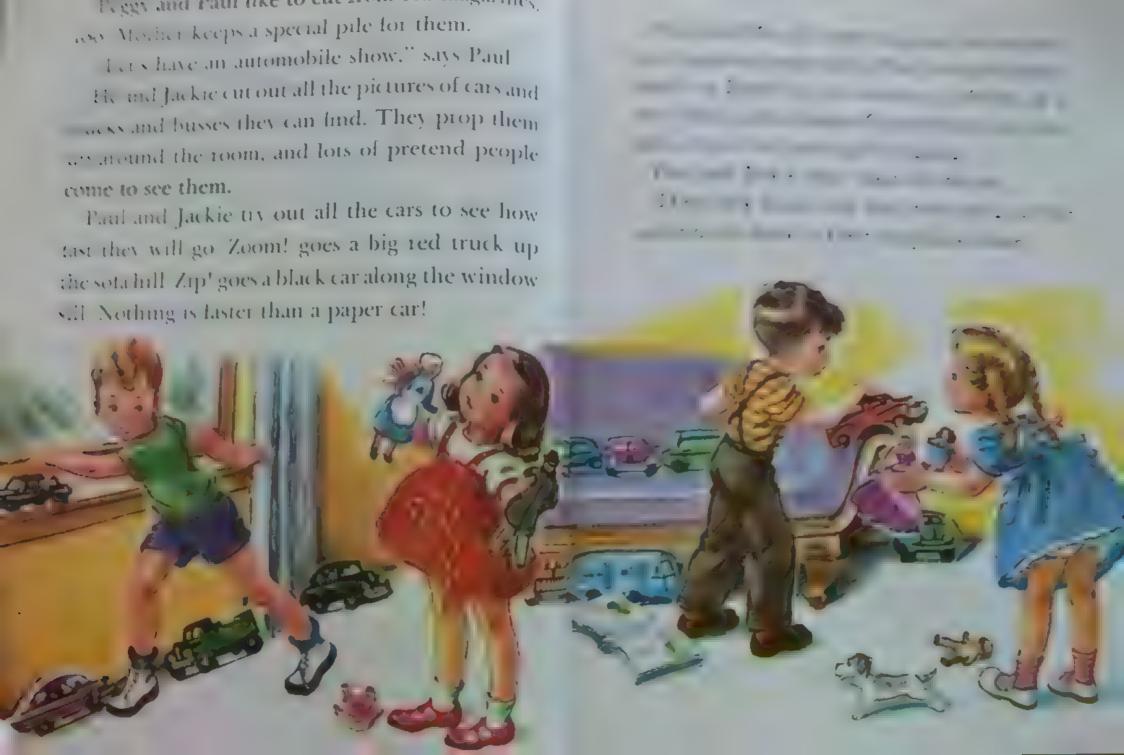




It is fun to cut designs from paper, too. Fold each sheet over once, then again and again. Snip out squares and corners and three-cornered bits. Now unfold the whole thing, and what do you see? Lace? Or snowflakes? It is always a surprise.

Paul and Jackie lay some of their designs over plain paper and color in all the holes. Now they have some strange bright-colored patterns.









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I set our mound it a labe. They throw the fith it to the labe And they fit for them. Some they can come get and Who will get the most be the end of the fishing day?





"Time to eat!" calls Mother. "But no wild animals will be fed."

So the trumpeting elephant turns into Paul.
And the roaring tiger turns back into Jack. The
scowling camel turns to Peggy again. And the
screeching hyena becomes Mary Jo.

Down they go to the kitchen, with scarcely any noise.

They all work their hands at the kinches sink. They all in down at the kinches table. And they eat bread and butter and brown sugar and drink down big glasses of milk.

What a splendid way so finish up a rainy alternoon!



